

Her Peas Are Higher Than Mine

Her peas are higher than mine. I planted
late this year. She bends from the waist, pulling
grass and early weeds. Her faded cotton
dress hiked up in back reveals dark stockings
rolled tight into the belly-white behind
her knees. The puffed, blue, brooding vein shows through.
Thighs rub and shake as she sidesteps the row.
How much higher? Oh, hers are up six - eight
inches. Its hard to estimate the height
of peas, passing at forty miles an hour.

-- Robert M. Chute

Cloud Twice

I climbed that hill when I was
10, and climbed it again
the other day.

Funny. Like
seeing the same
cloud twice.

Lunchpails

Breasts a-bounce, in bright
yellow raincoat, she runs
toward bus
in sunny early a.m.

& us, in the
bus, waiting, with
lunchpails.

Tail

My 2yroid I made her

a little paper kite
with multicolored tail

& she looks at it waves it
infrontof her eyes.